

# Spirit of the Age.

The People's Rights—a Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

Vol. 41. No. 49

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, AUG. 16, 1882.

Whole No. 2081.

## Woodstock Business Cards.

**W. H. KEATING,**  
ARTISTIC HAIR DRESSER,  
Shampooing, Shaving, Dyeing  
and Hair Cutting.  
Rooms in Jones New Block, head of stairs  
Central St.  
Woodstock, Vt.

**DR. F. R. JEWETT'S**  
**Dental Rooms,**  
OPEN DAY AND EVENING.  
First-class work. Prices moderate.  
Office and residence, "Barker House,"  
East end of the Park.

**O. G. KIMBALL,**  
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,  
Whitehead's Block, Elm Street,  
WOODSTOCK, VT.

**FRANK J. SIMMONS,**  
Dealer in  
Choice Groceries, Fruit, Confection-  
ery, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.  
Oyster stew a specialty. Drop in.  
Mellich Block, Main Street, Woodstock, Vt.

**EAGLE HOTEL,**  
Central St., opposite the Park, Woodstock, Vt.  
The several stages that leave this town  
always call at the House to leave or call for  
passengers. The Springfield and Charles-  
town stage makes its headquarters at this  
House.  
C. A. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor.

**GEORGE W. PAUL,**  
Dealer in  
Choice Groceries, Fruit, Confection-  
ery, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.  
Paul's Block, Elm Street, Woodstock, Vt.

**O. H. FREEMAN,**  
Druggist and Apothecary,  
And Dealer in  
ARDWARE, GROCERIES AND FLOUR.  
Woodstock, Vt.

**E. P. TEWKSBURY,**  
House, Carriage, Sign and Ornamental  
Painter.  
The best of Stock constantly on hand.  
All kinds of Papering and tinting of walls  
done to order.  
Agent for Averill Chemical Paint, the best  
Paint in use.

**C. P. HOLDEN, M. D.**  
WOODSTOCK, VT.  
Office over F. N. Billings's Store. Office  
hours until 9 a. m.; 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 p. m.  
Residence on Central Street.

**A. N. LOGAN, M. D.**  
(Successor to Dr. Colton),  
Physician & Surgeon,  
WOODSTOCK, - - VERMONT.  
Office at the late residence of Dr. Colton,  
South side of park.

**MICHAEL MYERS,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,  
Shop in the Tracy Block, Elm St.

**J. R. MURDOCK,**  
Practical Watchmaker,  
Also keeps a  
FINE STOCK OF GOODS  
In his line.

**Dr. C. D. Hinman,**  
DENTIST.  
Rooms in Fairbank's Block - - Up-stairs,  
Woodstock, Vt.

**WOODSTOCK MARKET,**  
MEAT AND PROVISIONS.  
Usually kept in a country market, at the  
lowest living prices, for cash or short ap-  
proved credit.  
O. L. RICHMOND & Co.

**RIALTO FURNITURE ROOMS,**  
**C. H. ROOD,**  
Dealer in all kinds of  
Furniture, Caskets and Coffins.  
All kinds of repairing done. Mattresses  
made over. Old cane seat Chairs re-  
tomed and made as good as new.  
Rooms in Stone Block, Elm Street,  
Woodstock, - - - Vermont.

**O. T. MARSH,**  
House Carriage and Sign Painting  
Particular attention given to Paper Hang-  
ing and Tinting of walls and ceiling. Agent  
for Averill's Paint, the best in use. Best of  
stock always on hand and paints mixed to  
order.  
Shop rear of Phoenix Block, Woodstock.

**W. R. Junction Business Cards.**  
**J. HARRING,**  
Marble & Granite Cemetery Works,  
MONUMENTS.  
Tables, Grave-Stones, &c.  
White River Junction, Vt. p 1192

**E. H. BAGLEY,**  
Dealer in Stoves,  
Furnaces, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Hardware,  
Paints and Oils and Blacksmiths' Goods.  
Also, Jobber in Coal and Kerosene.  
Manufacturer of  
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE,  
White River Junction, Vt.

**McCOLLON'S COUGH CANDY**  
at CHAPMAN'S DRUG STORE

## STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business,  
strength to study a profession,  
strength to regulate a household,  
strength to do a day's labor with-  
out physical pain. All this repre-  
sents what is wanted, in the often  
heard expression, "Oh! I wish I  
had the strength!" If you are  
broken down, have not energy, or  
feel as if life was hardly worth liv-  
ing, you can be relieved and re-  
stored to robust health and strength  
by taking **BROWN'S IRON BIT-  
TERS**, which is a true tonic—a  
medicine universally recommended  
for all wasting diseases.

201 N. Fremont St., Baltimore  
During the war I was in-  
jured in the stomach by a piece  
of shell, and have suffered  
from it ever since. About four  
years ago I brought on paraly-  
sis, which kept me in bed six  
months, and the best doctors in  
the city said I could not  
live. I suffered fearfully from  
indigestion, and for over two  
years could not eat solid food  
and for a large portion of the  
time was unable to retain even  
liquid nourishment. I tried  
Brown's Iron Bitters and now  
after taking two bottles I am  
able to get up and go around  
and am rapidly improving.  
G. DECKER.

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS** is  
a complete and sure remedy for  
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria,  
Weakness and all diseases requir-  
ing a true, reliable, non-alcoholic  
tonic. It enriches the blood, gives  
new life to the muscles and tone  
to the nerves.

## Rutland Business Cards.

**BERWICK HOTEL.**  
C. F. RICHARDSON, Prop'r.  
RUTLAND, - - - VERMONT.  
Heated Throughout by Steam.  
Good Sample Rooms, Billiard Room and  
Livery Stable connected with the Hotel.

**W. H. JOHNSON.**  
General Repair Shop, Watches, Clocks,  
Jewelry, Sewing Machines, &c.; in fact, all  
kinds of light repairing and light jobbing  
done promptly and in a good and workman-  
like manner. I also sell the light running  
"Crown Household" and "American"  
SEWING-MACHINES.  
At prices from 25 to 40 per cent. less than  
any other concern in this section of the coun-  
try. Remember the place—Center street,  
opposite "Bakery."

**JOHN F. WALKER,**  
Tonsorial Artist,  
IN VALQUETT'S BLOCK,  
13 1-2 Merchants' Row—up stairs

Having recently refitted his shop, putting  
in new chairs &c., and procured the services  
of a first-class journeyman, he is now pre-  
pared to meet the wants of every one in his  
profession, as first-class Barber. Children's  
hair-cutting a specialty.

**REDINGTON & BUTLER,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
RUTLAND, VT.  
L. W. REDINGTON. F. M. BUTLER.

**BATES HOUSE,**  
**J. M. HAVEN** Proprietor.  
RUTLAND, - - VERMONT.  
W. P. PAIGE, Manager.  
G. W. McAVOY, Chief Clerk.

**Hartland Business Cards.**  
**MARTIN & SHERMAN,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
All kinds of House Finishes, Mouldings, Brack-  
ets, &c., &c.; also, Ventilators for Water-  
wheels; Saw Holders, and all kinds of  
Prices Lower than the Lowest.  
Do not connect us with any other firm.  
Very respectfully, MARTIN & SHERMAN.  
P. O. Box 33 Hartland, Vt.

**LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud**  
Building, Washington, D. C.  
Practices before the United States General  
Land Office. Contested cases, private land  
claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead  
cases prosecuted before the Department of  
the Interior and Supreme Court; and all  
classes of claims before the Executive Depart-  
ments. Special attention given to town site  
cases. Land Warrants, homestead claims and  
all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

**Colton's Shoulder Braces,**  
THE BEST MAKE, selling at  
CHAPMAN'S DRUG STORE.

**PATENTS.**  
F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and  
Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. A  
business connected with Patents, whether  
before the Patent Office or the Courts,  
promptly attended to. No charge made un-  
less a patent is secured. Send for circular.

## "The New Shakespeare." FALSTAFF TO THE BARTENDER.

H. W. CHESWELL.  
Fal.—Bardolph, I say!  
Bard.—Here, sir.  
Fal.—Give me a quart of sack, thou  
dog.  
Bard.—With an egg, sir?  
Fal.—Aye, with a goose-egg!  
Bard.—And strong?  
Fal.—Strong as a steam stump-pulver;  
With alcohol, red-pepper and gun cotton,  
And with ultra-glycerine, thou mangy one.  
Make it to rise up and seize a man  
By the throat like the fierce Numidian  
lion!  
Have I lived to be carried in a basket  
And thrown into the Thames beyond?  
If I be served such another trick  
I'll have my brains t'ken out  
And replaced with apple sass.  
The rogues sild me into the river  
With an little remorse as they should  
Had I run with the machine in politics.  
I should have drowned but that the shore  
Was shelvy and I'm tallest when I'm  
down.  
And it's a death I do abhor,  
For, know you, it swells a man so;  
And what a David Davis I would be  
If I were swelled!

## THE RIVALS.

A ROMANCE OF ILLFACOMBE.  
There are gayer and more fashion-  
able watering places than Illfacombe,  
but there are none that offer such at-  
tractions to the lover of the beautiful.  
Nowhere does the sea break on such  
bold rocks; nowhere are there such  
deep, clear pools, such lovely sea-weed,  
such treasures of sea flowers and  
anemones; nowhere such a shore to  
ramble on and climb over. In point  
of drives and excursions inland and  
along the coast there are few places like  
it; but its great glory is its sea and  
its rocks, its pools and its sea-weeds.  
Such, too, was Gerald Mayfield's opini-  
on; and he appreciated it the more  
because he enjoyed the beauties and  
hunted for the sea-weeds and anemones  
with Maud Henegge. They were not  
old acquaintances. It was but a fort-  
night since they had arrived from  
Barnstable upon the outside of the  
coast together. So pleasant had been  
that journey to the young man that he  
had at once decided to stay at the  
Grand Hotel, where Maud and her  
mother were going to stop, instead of  
going into lodgings, as he had before  
intended.

Gerald Mayfield was junior partner  
in the house of Mayfield & Harper,  
Australian and Cape merchants. His  
father had been the head of the firm,  
and at his death Gerald, who had just  
left college, came into the business.  
He was not thirty, a tall, strongly-  
built man, but with a good deal of  
character and resolution in his face.  
Until he saw Maud Henegge he had  
never been really in love. He had al-  
ways supposed that he should marry  
some day or other, but had gone on  
leading a quiet club life, and had been  
but little in the society of women.  
During this fortnight he had been al-  
most continually with Maud Henegge,  
sometimes with her mother as a com-  
panion, sometimes with a party of three  
four others from the hotel, occasionally  
by themselves, or rather chaperoned  
only by Mrs. Henegge, sitting on the  
rocks in the distance reading. By the  
end of that time he loved her with all  
his heart, but as yet he had hardly  
even begun to wonder whether she  
would in time come to love him.

Before breakfast Gerald always went  
for his swim, walking round to the  
cove, and coming back by the row-  
boat across to the pier. He was a  
strong swimmer, and his custom was  
to swim out through the mouth of the  
little inlet into the rougher water out-  
side. One morning a bather went out  
just before him and swam steadily sea-  
ward. 'That fellow will be getting in-  
to a mess,' Gerald said to himself.  
'The tide is running up and he will  
find difficulty in getting back again.'

Keeping a hundred yards or so out, as  
was his custom, for about ten minutes,  
Gerald turned toward the mouth of the  
cove, not having given a second  
thought to the swimmer who had pre-  
ceded him. Just as he was opposite to  
the great rocks at the entrance he heard  
a shout far behind him. He stopped  
to listen, and again the shout for help  
came distinctly to his ears.

'I thought that fool would get into a  
scrape,' he muttered, turning round  
and making off with a long, steady,  
even stroke in the direction of the man,  
whose head he could see nearly three  
hundred yards out, giving a loud shout

as he started, to encourage him with  
the knowledge that help was coming.  
He arrived just in time; the swimmer  
was utterly exhausted, and had lost  
both pluck and presence of mind. Once  
he disappeared altogether, and Gerald,  
who was still nearly thirty yards off,  
thought that he would arrive too late.  
However, he came up again, and  
splashed and struggled wildly for a  
moment or two, but was just sinking  
when Gerald arrived. The latter  
caught him by the arm, and the man  
strove desperately to throw his arm  
round him.

'Keep quiet,' Gerald said sternly.  
'If you struggle I'll let you go.'  
There was no mistaking the firmness  
of the tone, or that the threat would be  
carried out. The man ceased to strug-  
gle at once.

'That's right,' Gerald said. 'Now  
lie on your back; I'll take you by the  
hair and tow you in as easily as possi-  
ble.'

As he spoke he turned round and  
saw the boat coming out from the cove  
with its load of bathers. He shouted  
at once, and an answering shout came  
back, and the boat's head was turned  
toward them.

'That's all right,' he said cheerfully  
to the other. 'Now I'll tread water,  
and you can put your hand on my  
shoulder, and keep your mouth above  
water comfortably till the boat comes  
up.'

With the prospect of help close at  
hand the man regained his courage,  
and was soon able to disengage with  
Gerald's help and to support himself  
until the boat came up. It was in  
taken on board. Gerald swam gently  
back, and by the time he reached the  
cove the man had already begun to  
dress. Gerald's clothes lay close to  
where he was sitting, for at Illfacombe  
al fresco dressing is the rule, the two  
or three little wooden boxes on wheels  
being insufficient for a title of the  
bathers.

As he approached the man stood up  
and held out his hand.  
'I owe you my life,' he said; 'an-  
other few seconds and I should have  
gone under.'

'Yes; it was a near shave for you,'  
Gerald answered. 'But there was no  
difficulty in saving you; it was not like  
jumping off a bridge for a shrieking  
woman, or into a sea when a ship is  
running before a gale. I saved your  
life certainly, but it was with no more  
trouble or risk than if I had been  
standing on shore, and had thrown you  
a rope.'

'I was a fool to swim out so far,'  
the man said; 'but I have been out as  
far before. I suppose there was some  
sort of a tide, for after I turned I did  
not seem to make any way toward  
shore.'

'To tell you the truth,' Gerald said,  
'I thought you a fool when I saw you  
swimming out. One ought never to  
go far from shore at any of these wa-  
tering places till one has found out all  
about the set of the tide. There, now,  
you are dressed, I should advise you to  
run back at a sharp pace, for your lips  
are blue, and you look pinched all  
over, and drink a strong cup of coffee  
directly when you get in.'

'I will take your advice,' the other  
said. 'But when can I see you again?'  
My name is Gossett, and I am at the  
big hotel.'

'My name is Mayfield, and I am  
staying there, too.'  
'I don't know why, but I don't like  
him,' Gerald said to himself, as he  
looked after Gossett, as he went up the  
steep path from the cove. 'They say  
that a man you have saved from  
drowning is sure to do you some harm;  
not that I am fool enough to believe  
that, but I don't like him. Somehow  
or other, I should say that he is shifty.  
But, there, I dare say, it's prejudice,  
and that he is a good fellow enough,  
though certainly not a strong man,  
anyway.'

Physically, the man did not look  
strong, and the world did not trouble  
itself as to his mental strength. Paul  
Gossett was manager of the Metropoli-  
tan and Suburban Bank, a good posi-  
tion for a man of his age. A popular  
man generally, with a constant smile  
and a gentle manner. Much liked by  
his directors, and considered a very  
eligible man, indeed, at Clapham,  
where he lived.

Gerald Mayfield went for a sharp  
walk after his bath, and most of the  
visitors at the hotel had finished break-  
fast when he went in. Half an hour

later Mrs. Henegge and her daughter  
came in dressed for a walk. As a mat-  
ter of course, he took his hat?

'What are your plans for this morn-  
ing?'  
'I do not feel equal to much walking  
this morning,' Mrs. Henegge said, 'so  
I think I shall sit down behind the  
Lantern rock, Maud will stay there  
with me, and in the afternoon we will  
go along the Tor walks.'

'Very well,' Gerald said; 'I will  
see you comfortably seated, and then I  
shall go for a walk inland, and be back  
to lunch.'

Three minutes later, at a turn of the  
walk, they came suddenly, upon Paul  
Gossett.  
'Why, Mrs. Henegge, this is indeed  
a pleasure,' he said, as he shook hands  
with mother and daughter, with a  
warmth that showed that their ac-  
quaintance was an intimate one. 'How  
long have you been down here? and  
how long are you going to stay?'

Then, as his eye fell for the first  
time on Gerald, who was at this  
moment wishing in his heart that he  
had arrived just too late that morning  
to save his life, he recognized him.

'Ah, Mr. Mayfield, I did not recog-  
nize you. I had not seen you dressed  
before, which must be my excuse. Do  
you know, Mrs. Henegge, this gentle-  
man saved my life this morning?'

Mrs. Henegge and Maud uttered an  
exclamation of surprise.

'It was a mere nothing,' Gerald  
said, almost rudely. 'He was tired;  
so I swam out to him, and he put his  
hand on my shoulder till a boat came.  
It is not worth mentioning.'

Maud looked up in surprise at the  
tone in which Gerald had spoken, not-  
icing the rudeness of Gerald's tone,  
went on.

'No, Mrs. Henegge, it is of no use  
for Mr. Mayfield to try and put aside  
the obligation in that way. It was, I  
can assure you, a most gallant action  
of his. And I am ashamed to say that  
I lost my presence of mind, and was  
within an ace of drowning as both.'

And he proceeded to relate the story.  
'Excuse my interrupting you,' Ger-  
ald said, 'but as I don't want to listen  
to my own exploits, I will go off for a  
walk.'

'That fellow has come down on pur-  
pose to see Maud Henegge,' Gerald  
said to himself, as he strode along the  
country road. 'I should not be sur-  
prised if they are engaged, or next door  
to it. Well,' after a long pause, 'I  
had no reason in the world to suppose  
that he cared for me; I don't suppose  
she ever gave the matter a thought one  
way or another.'

It was late in the afternoon when  
Gerald returned to the hotel, having  
walked some thirty miles since starting.  
He had by this time made up his mind  
that he would stand aside and see what  
came of it. If Maud Henegge was in  
love with this man, the matter would  
soon be settled, and it was not for him  
to act as spoil-sport to their wooing.  
This resolution he proceeded to carry  
into execution; and for the next week  
started early upon long walks, and did  
not return until late, leaving the field  
open to his rival, an opportunity of  
which Paul Gossett was not slow to  
avail himself. He had months before  
resolved to win Maud Henegge. She  
was pretty, stylish and had money.—  
Hitherto his wooing had progressed  
but slowly, but now he made the most  
of the opportunity left for him by his  
rival's folly. For Gerald Mayfield had  
indeed thrown down the cards when  
the game was in his hands. Although  
he was wholly unskilled in wooing,  
Maud Henegge had had sufficient ex-  
perience in being wooed to feel that  
this man loved her. And the thought  
that he was strong, and tender, and  
true; and when a girl feels this of a  
man, unless her affections are pre-en-  
gaged, there is but little doubt what  
her answer will be when the question  
is asked. When, therefore, Gerald  
suddenly gave up walking with her,  
and left her to the care of Paul Gos-  
sett, she was alike surprised and pained.  
Had she had an opportunity of speak-  
ing with him alone, she would have  
frankly asked him if she had offended  
him; but he seemed to avoid all op-  
portunity for explanation; and, from  
pride and pique, she laughed and talk-  
ed gaily with Gossett, who was always  
beside her. Gossett had from the first  
understood that he had a rival in the  
man who saved his life, and dimly

fathomed the motives that actuated  
him in leaving a clear course for him.  
'The man is a quixotic ass,' he said  
to himself. 'I believe she likes him,  
and he is throwing away his chances;  
but the sooner I get him out of the  
way, the better.'

At the end of the week Gerald came  
into the smoking-room of the hotel late  
one evening. Gossett was alone there.  
For a time they chatted on indifferent  
matters, and then Gossett said:  
'I am sorry I don't see more of you,  
but you seem always out, and I—well,  
I hardly look upon myself as a free  
man.'

'May I ask,' Gerald said, after a  
moment's pause, 'if you are engaged  
to Miss Henegge?'

'Well, after what I owe you,' Gos-  
sett said, 'I do not like there to be any  
concealment between us. There is,  
and has been for some time a sort of  
engagement between us. It is not ac-  
tually an engagement, because her  
mother objects to long engagements,  
and is anxious that her daughter should  
not marry until she is three-and-twenty.  
So you understand, there is no avowed  
engagement, although in point  
of fact it comes to the same thing. It  
is a secret between us two now; and I  
should not tell you, but I know that I  
can rely upon your not mentioning it  
or noticing it in any way. In a few  
weeks she will be within six months of  
three-and-twenty, and then it will be  
publicly announced.'

Gerald was silent for a short time,  
and then said quietly:  
'You are a fortunate man. I sus-  
pected that it was so from the first time  
I saw you address her. And now I  
will say good-night and good-by. I  
am going up to town to-morrow.—  
Will you say good-by for me to Mrs.  
Henegge and her daughter.'

'A very good stroke,' Paul Gossett  
said to himself as he went out. 'Now  
something of the same sort the other  
side, and I think the game's mine.—  
He's hard hit and won't care about  
seeing us after marriage; and if he  
does, and it happens to come out it  
won't matter then.'

The next morning, at breakfast, he  
said carelessly to Maud Henegge:  
'That queer fellow, Mayfield, went  
up to town this morning. He asked  
me to say good-by to you and Mrs.  
Henegge.'

'Has he gone for good?' Maud  
asked, after a short silence, and Paul  
Gossett could see that she had grown  
suddenly pale.

'O, yes; from what he said, I fancy  
his wife had come back from some  
visit or other, and wanted him home.'

'His wife!' Maud Henegge said.  
'Yes; did he never speak to you  
about her?'

Maud did not answer, nor did she  
go out for her usual walk that morning.  
'Married!' she thought to herself,  
as she sat alone in her room looking  
out on the sea; 'married!' Then she  
had been utterly mistaken in her judg-  
ment of faces; and yet, as she sat  
there, she was unconsciously making  
excuses for him. He had, she felt  
sure, loved her; but he might not  
have known it himself, and when he  
realized it he had altogether with-  
drawn from her. He ought to have  
told her. It was wrong, very wrong;  
but yet he may have meant no de-  
liberate harm. He might be unhappy  
with his wife, and so avoided the sub-  
ject, thinking that, so long as she was  
but a chance acquaintance, it was no  
affair of hers. So, with an aching  
heart, she made excuses for him, and  
blushed to find herself doing so.

'I have no right to think of him,'  
she cried; 'he is a married man, and  
nothing to me. Thank heaven, I never  
gave him cause to think I cared for  
him; thank heaven, if we meet to-mor-  
row, I at least need not feel ashamed.  
It is all over now,' she said wearily,  
after a pause. 'They say every wo-  
man meets her ideal once in her life; I  
have met mine, but he was already un-  
der a net. Well, it does not matter who  
I marry now.'

Six months later the papers had the  
announcement of the marriage of Paul  
Gossett and Maud Henegge; and upon  
the day that the notice made its ap-  
pearance Gerald Mayfield said to his  
partner:

'I have been thinking for some time,  
Harper, that it would be well if we  
had a house of our own at Melbourn.  
I am sure we should largely increase  
our business. I have not been well  
lately, and want a change badly; what

do you say to my going out for a year  
or two and starting a house there?—  
Once set fairly afloat and we could  
take Purvis in as partner, and I could  
come back.'

'You surprise me, Mayfield. I think  
that a branch house would pay well,  
but I don't see how we could spare  
you. I have noticed that you have not  
been yourself for some time; but two  
or three months' holiday would set  
you up.'

'No,' Gerald said, 'I want a change  
of work, as well as of scene. I have  
been hard hit, old man, very hard hit;  
and her marriage is in the Times this  
morning. I knew it would be there  
soon; still, as long as it didn't appear,  
there might be a chance. It's all over  
now, and I feel that I must get away  
for a bit.'

And so, after long consultation it  
was finally settled. It was a busy  
time at home, and for the moment  
Gerald's presence was essential; but it  
was at last arranged that early in June  
he should sail for Melbourne. A  
week before leaving he went to a large  
dinner party. He was one of the last  
to arrive, and his hostess said:  
(Concluded next week.)

## A Mother's Love.

A private letter brings us this singu-  
lar story:  
A widowed lady in New York gave  
her only daughter in marriage to a  
physician who lived in California.—  
The mother and daughter were deeply  
attached to each other, and had been  
inseparable companions for years.

After the newly married couple had  
gone, the mother, who was an invalid,  
sank suddenly and rapidly. Tele-  
grams were sent after them urging  
them to return but, as their exact  
course was not known, the messages  
failed to reach them.

The mother grew worse. Her pray-  
er was that she might live to see her  
child again, if but for a moment. On  
the afternoon before her death she was  
left alone for a few minutes, and when  
her attendant returned she was found  
sitting up in her bed, her cheeks  
flushed, and her face illuminated  
with delight.

'Have you seen Charlotte?' she asked.  
'She has just gone into the other  
room.'

'Charlotte has not come,' they said.  
'Oh, yes,' she replied, smiling. 'I  
have had her in my arms, I kissed her.  
God has been so good to me, to bring  
her back in time!' and so talking she  
sank into an exhausted slumber from  
which she never awoke.

Now on this afternoon the daughter  
was in Omaha, totally unaware of her  
mother's illness. Her husband after-  
ward wrote that on that afternoon,  
being in their private parlor in a hotel,  
she suddenly sank into a deep sleep  
which lasted nearly an hour. From  
this she awoke pale and sobbing, say-  
ing she had dreamed she was with her  
mother, who looked strangely ill and  
exhausted. The expression soon passed  
away.

The coincidence, of course, can easily  
be explained on natural grounds, and  
yet one almost wishes that it could not  
be so explained. We would like to  
believe against reason that the mother's  
love would be strong enough to bring  
back her child for that brief moment to  
ease the pain of death.—[Exchange.]

GOLDEN DAYS is published by James  
Elverson, Philadelphia, at 25 cents a  
number, or \$3.00 a year. It is a six-  
teen page weekly, filled with stories,  
sketches of adventure, instructive mat-  
ter, and everything that can interest,  
entertain, and benefit boys and girls.  
You can have it weekly or monthly,  
just as you prefer. At the end of each  
month the weekly numbers are bound  
together and they make an attractive  
and entertaining magazine for family  
reading. Every article in it points a  
moral. We wish it could be placed in  
every household in the land.

A fashionable summer drink is called  
'Jumbo julep.' Probably because  
a man, after imbibing a few  
glasses, thinks he's traveling with a  
circus, and feels as if he owned four  
legs.—[Norristown Herald.]

A gentleman, recently, about to pay  
his doctor's bill, said: 'Well, doctor,  
as my little boy gave the measles to all  
my neighbor's children, and as they  
were attended by you, I think you can  
afford, at least, to deduct ten per cent.'